The Vengeance of Morbius

THE DOCTOR: Oh, wait a minute, let's not get carried away here.
HASPIRA: Open the chamber door.
(Metal door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: I hope you're not expecting us just to walk straight in there, 'cause I've got to warn you, you're going to need to do some serious pushing.
HASPIRA: Put them in the chamber.
(Struggle.)
LUCIE MILLER: No! Get off!
HASPIRA: Ow!
THE DOCTOR: Look, I helped you. You asked me to help bring Lucie here, and I did. If you really do want us both dead, surely you at least owe us an explanation.
(THE DOCTOR pushed.)
ORTHENA: Wait!
HASPIRA: Orthena, we cannot delay.
ORTHENA: Doctor, Zarodnix is the leader of the Cult of Morbius.
THE DOCTOR: Morbius?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, Straxus said that too.
THE DOCTOR: Straxus? You've seen ... Wait a minute, who's Zarodnix?
LUCIE MILLER: Who's Morbius?
THE DOCTOR: A dead Time Lord dictator, a maniac who wanted to conquer the Universe.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. But he's dead, right? So what's the problem?
THE DOCTOR: She's got a point, Orthena. And this Zarodnix?
LUCIE MILLER: Intergalactic business bloke, very rich, buys planets. Lives on Karn.
THE DOCTOR: Karn?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. You've been there?
THE DOCTOR: Unfortunately.
HASPIRA: He's just playing for time, Orthena. Sisters, put them in the chamber.
(Scraping on floor as THE DOCTOR digs his heels in.)
THE DOCTOR: Wait, hold on, hold on, hold on! Look, look - everyone, can we just all take this a bit slower? Morbius is dead, we all know that, right? He was executed by the Time Lords. That lunatic Solon somehow managed to keep hold of his brain but I put a stop to it...
LUCIE MILLER: Did what?
THE DOCTOR: It doesn't matter, he didn't succeed. Morbius really is dead now. Completely dead, dead as dead. Uh ... please tell me I'm right.

(Bleep.)
TRELL: Level Minus One Thousand Eight Hundred And Seven. Main laboratory. Security reconfirmation required.
ZARODNIX: Zarodnix Kristof, Chairman, Executive Officer and sole shareholder of the Zarodnix Corporation confirm voice print, retina scan and...
(Whirring sound.)
ZARODNIX: Oh - DNA blood scan. Proceed.
TRELL: All security reconfirmation checks confirmed. You may enter the laboratory level, Mr Zarodnix.
(Door slides open.)
ZARODNIX: Thank you.

ORTHENA: Let me tell you of Zarodnix, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: All right. Go on.
HASPIRA: But Orthena, we must...
ORTHENA: We owe the Time Lord that much.
HASPIRA: Why this one? What makes him different?
LUCIE MILLER: Different from what? Are you saying you've murdered other Time Lords?
ORTHENA: The others were ... mere bookworms, academics, small-minded researchers with no real experience of the Universe outside Gallifrey. The Doctor met Morbius, fought him.
LUCIE MILLER: Did you?
THE DOCTOR: Other times, other faces.
ORTHENA: He has a right to know the truth, and then he will understand why he must die.

LUCIE MILLER: I'm hoping this is going to be a very long story, then.
THE DOCTOR: Me too.
ORTHENA: Zarodnix and his corporation drove us from Karn, bombarded us from Space, tore our planet's surface apart.
THE DOCTOR: Why?
ORTHENA: They claimed they wanted to mine the planet for industrial purposes. We were told we could name our price. Out of curiosity, we agreed to meet with Zarodnix's people, but it was a deceit.
THE DOCTOR: What did they really want?
ORTHENA: Zarodnix has a Morbius fixation. He has dedicated his entire life to that wretched despot's memory. He has collected and bought every surviving Morbius-related artefact in the Galaxy. He is ... obsessed. Dangerously obsessed.
LUCIE MILLER: But if this Morbius bloke is long dead, how can Zarodnix being his biggest fan be dangerous?

(Walking over.)
ZARODNIX: Well?
TRELL: Extraction was successful.
ZARODNIX: Total success?
TRELL: Total success.
ZARODNIX: (Ecstatic) I knew it! (Calmer) And this is the capsule?
TRELL: Yes, Mr Zarodnix.
ZARODNIX: It's a beautiful piece of engineering. Your people are to be congratulated.
TRELL: Thank you, Mr Zarodnix.
ZARODNIX: Yes well, don't let it go to your head. The entire operation was devised by me, remember that. That is the fact that will go down in history. Anyone can build a swanky-looking molecularly-sealed specimen capsule, it's the vision that counts.

ORTHENA: Once we had fled Karn and found our new home here, Haspira was given the task of infiltrating the Zarodnix Corporation.
LUCIE MILLER: I take it she did a pretty good job of it.
HASPIRA: Their weak minds were easily manipulated. They soon trusted me.
THE DOCTOR: And what did you discover?
HASPIRA: That Zarodnix plans to revive Morbius.
THE DOCTOR: What?

ZARODNIX: Is it ready?
TRELL: All is prepared.
(Trilling bleeps.)
ZARODNIX: What the hell? This had better be important. Well?
TRELL 2: Intruding spacecraft is about to make planet-fall.
ZARODNIX: Who cares? Quarantine it, arrest the occupants or kill them, do what you like with them, just stop bothering me with such trivial nonsense, is that understood?
TRELL 2: It is understood, Mr Zarodnix.
(Bleep of disconnection.)

(Rocket.)
ROSTO: We are now landing.
STRAXUS: Well, stop it. Stop it now. Make this thing go back up into space.
ROSTO: I can't. None of the controls are responding.
STRAXUS: Don't you understand? I'm a Time Lord...
ROSTO: So you keep saying, and I'm an interplanetary marshal who already considers you as being under arrest.
STRAXUS: Arrest? Are you completely mad?
(Vibration.)
ROSTO: We've landed.
STRAXUS: Oh no. Oh, please. No, no, no, no, no.
ROSTO: I don't understand what you're so frightened of.
STRAXUS: Morbius.

THE DOCTOR: But the brain of Morbius fell to its death centuries ago.
LUCIE MILLER: The brain? What about the rest of it?
ORTHENA: Executed by the Time Lords. No-one knows how Professor Solon managed to gain possession of Morbius's brain.
LUCIE MILLER: Who is this Solon bloke?
THE DOCTOR: Was. Just some nut-case who wanted to find a new body for Morbius's brain. Eventually he puts it into a sort of fish tank with eyes on top of a body that makes Frankenstein's Monster look like the height of chic...
LUCIE MILLER: Er ... have these ladies done something to *your* brain?
THE DOCTOR: Honestly, it's true. Orthena, back me up.
ORTHENA: The Sisterhood sent the brain of Morbius to its death in the deepest canyon on Karn.
THE DOCTOR: And trust me, that's pretty deep. There's no way anything of him survived. So what's this Zarodnix guy's plan? Orthena?
LUCIE MILLER: You don't know, do you?
ORTHENA: Not for certain. But when we learned of Zarodnix's obsession, we also learned that he was scouring Space and Time with but one aim.
LUCIE MILLER: Like but what?
HASPIRA: To find a Time Lord.

ZARODNIX: Fire capsule into Genetotron.
TRELL: Firing.
(Bleeps, flash.)
ZARODNIX: Activate Genetrotron.
TRELL: Activating.
(Power build-up.)
ZARODNIX: Check rotation.
(Bleeps to check this.)
TRELL: All functions normal.
(Another Female Trell voice comes through:)
TRELL 2: Space traffic control reports...
ZARODNIX: I told you not to bother me again.
TRELL 2: Scans reveal that one of the beings in the captured ship is a Time Lord male.
ZARODNIX: A T... (Delighted) A Time Lord! Ah-hah! Have him brought here immediately.

THE DOCTOR: So you warned the Time Lords?
HASPIRA: We did.
THE DOCTOR: Did they take any notice? They can be a stuffy lot.
ORTHENA: Oh, they took notice.
LUCIE MILLER: They must have done. They sent that Time Scoop thing out to get us.
THE DOCTOR: How do you know about the Time Scoop?
LUCIE MILLER: Straxus told me. He was looking for you.
ORTHENA: The Time Lords have quarantined Gallifrey and recalled all TARDISes. Any Time Lords who have not responded are being tracked down by the Time Scoop. But Zarodnix's time particle monitors are tracking the movements of the Time Scoop, which is why Zarodnix's agents found and captured you, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Lucky Haspira was there to whisk me away, then. Thank you, Haspira. It seems I owe you my life.
HASPIRA: Orthena. you said he was owed the truth. He has the truth. Now they must die.
LUCIE MILLER: Nice.

(Muffled thumps.)
STRAXUS: What was that?
ROSTO: Someone is trying to get in. Perhaps we should open the hatch. Zarodnix's people are quite within their rights...
STRAXUS: Zarodnix is a maniac.
ROSTO: That may be so, but we have no evidence...
STRAXUS: Never mind that. You've got to find a way to get us off this planet before they ac...
(Sudden metallic bang.)
STRAXUS: Oh no!

TRELL: Restrain the biological Trell.
ROSTO: I am an interplanetary marshal...
(Thump. ROSTO cries out.)
TRELL 2: Augmentation nanocytes implanted.
(ROSTO cries out.)
TRELL: This is the Time Lord.
STRAXUS: You have no right to have done this...
TRELL: He is needed alive. Bring him.

HASPIRA: Put them in the dispersal chamber.
(Pushing.)
THE DOCTOR: No, wait, please!
LUCIE MILLER: This isn't fair.
HASPIRA: Close the door.
(Metallic clanging.)
LUCIE MILLER: (muffled) Let us out, you bunch of scraggy weirdos! Huh. That's never gonna work, is it?
THE DOCTOR: (muffled) Not really, no.
HASPIRA: It is done. Orthena?
ORTHENA: Switch it on.

THE DOCTOR: Of course, there's always a chance that this thing's so old it won't work.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. I mean, nothing much has happened so far, has it?
(Metallic grinding, low whining.)
LUCIE MILLER: Except that. I'm guessing that's another of those bad noises.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, you're right.
(Banging on door.)
THE DOCTOR: Listen to me, Orthena!
(Banging on door.)
THE DOCTOR: Orthena, listen!
(Banging on door.)
THE DOCTOR: You can't do this!
LUCIE MILLER: Not what you'd call a dignified escape plan.
THE DOCTOR: Well, stuff dignity, we've got to get out of here.
LUCIE MILLER: How long is this going to take?
THE DOCTOR: The rest of our lives, and that's going to be about thirty-seven seconds.
(Banging on door.)
THE DOCTOR: Orthena!
(Banging on door.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'm out of ideas. Any thoughts?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, if I have to go, I guess I'm glad it's with you.
THE DOCTOR: You're remarkably calm.
LUCIE MILLER: Feel my hands. I'm shaking, mate, right to the core of me.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, Lucie. I...
LUCIE MILLER: Don't tell me it'll be all right because you know it won't be. Still, as I say, could be worse. My number could have come up when I was with that stuffed-shirt Straxus. As it is, I'm with the one man who...
THE DOCTOR: I wonder how he found you.
LUCIE MILLER: Guesswork mainly, I think. Oh, and ... Oh my God.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: This.
THE DOCTOR: That's ... a Time Ring. Lucie, I can't believe you didn't mention this earlier.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, me head was all mushed up by that teleporting lark.
THE DOCTOR: Give it to me, quick! Now, hold tight.
(Speeded up TARDIS dematerialisation sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: Is it working? Where are we going?
THE DOCTOR: Anywhere would be better than this.
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh dear! The dispersal chamber doesn't like the energy from our Time Ring.
LUCIE MILLER: (chuckle) Oh, what a shame.

(Bleeping.)
ORTHENA: What does that noise signify? Is something going wrong?
HASPIRA: It seems the Doctor has activated some kind of Time Lord device. The energy emissions are conflicting with each other.
ORTHENA: The power of the chamber is failing.

(TARDIS speeded up dematerialisation sound fading.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, I don't want to worry you, but we're still here.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, should be all right in a second or two, I'm positive.
(Fizzing.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh dear.
LUCIE MILLER: It's broken, hasn't it?
THE DOCTOR: And the dispersal chamber's powering up again - very oh dear. Wait a minute.
LUCIE MILLER: Yes? Come on. This is what I pay you for.
THE DOCTOR: Straxus, you took the ring off him?
LUCIE MILLER: Yep, go on.
THE DOCTOR: And you were near Karn?
LUCIE MILLER: I was, with Rosto in Haspira's ship.
THE DOCTOR: Rosto? Oh never mind that, and since when did you pay me anything?
LUCIE MILLER: It was just a joke, you idiot. Carry on.
(Banging on door.)
THE DOCTOR: Orthena, Orthena!
LUCIE MILLER: And now the hammering on the door thing again.
(Banging on door.)
LUCIE MILLER: It didn't work last time, did it? And is it just me, or is it getting really hot in here?
(Fizzing. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: The walls are...
THE DOCTOR: Our molecules are being agitated. Orthena! Zarodnix already has a Time Lord!
(Banging on door.)
THE DOCTOR: Are you listening to me? Can you hear me? He has Straxus.
(Fizzing. LUCIE MILLER gasps again.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, now what? Was that your last shot?
THE DOCTOR: That was it.
LUCIE MILLER: And what? Now you're just going to sit back and give up?
THE DOCTOR: Yep.
LUCIE MILLER: Well ... aren't you going to give me a hug or something?
THE DOCTOR: No.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, thanks. Why not?
THE DOCTOR: No need.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
(Dispersal noise stops.)
THE DOCTOR: See?
LUCIE MILLER: (chuckles.) Oh, you're so smug, you know that?
THE DOCTOR: I thank you.
(Metal door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello.
ORTHENA: Prove it, Doctor, or I will have the machine activated again.
THE DOCTOR: Do you know what one of these is?
ORTHENA: Time Lord technology.
THE DOCTOR: It's a Time Ring. It's how Straxus found Lucie. She took it off him, and when she left him, in Haspira's ship, it was on its way to Karn, and he had no way of escaping.
HASPIRA: This is a trick.
THE DOCTOR: Do I look like Tommy Cooper? Come on, Orthena, you sensed Lucie was near Karn before we teleported her here. Didn't you?
ORTHENA: Yes. I did.
LUCIE MILLER: And the ship was, you know, sort of being dragged down to the planet. Rosto couldn't get control of it.
THE DOCTOR: Whatever Zarodnix's crazy plan is, he'll have his Time Lord by now. Not me. Straxus.

(STRAXUS gasps.)
ZARODNIX: Bring him forward.
STRAXUS: I'm quite capable of walking on my own two legs...
ZARODNIX: Don't damage him.
STRAXUS: Thank you.
ZARODNIX: Who are you?
STRAXUS: My name is...
ZARODNIX: Actually I don't care. You're certain he's a Time Lord? Let me see the scan.
(Bleeps.)
ZARODNIX: Oh yes. Ye-es! Very nice. Good.
STRAXUS: I take it you're Zarodnix.
ZARODNIX: Prepare him immediately, let's not waste any time.
STRAXUS: Whatever you're doing here is forbidden by the High Council of the Time Lords.
ZARODNIX: Is that the same High Council of Time Lords who are hiding away on Gallifrey? The same High Council who are doing everything within their power to scoop up every Time Lord they can get hold of just to stop little old me? Is that the High Council of the Time Lords to which you refer?
STRAXUS: It is.
ZARODNIX: Well, I don't give a flying fig about 'em. Get on with it.
(STRAXUS gasps.)
STRAXUS: No...

HASPIRA: We should kill them anyway, just to make sure. We can't afford to trust...
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, you're a right "glass half-empty" girl, aren't yer? And there was me thinking you were really nice when we first met.
THE DOCTOR: Zarodnix was intending to mine the planet, you say, Orthena?
ORTHENA: That is what his representative said, and Haspira saw mining equipment arriving.
THE DOCTOR: Mining. Mining, mining. Of course.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yes. Here comes the theory. Hit 'em with it, Doctor. Go on.
THE DOCTOR: He's located a fragment of Morbius's brain in the canyon. He must have.
LUCIE MILLER: And he needs a Time Lord, why?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, why, why? Why?

(Straps done up.)
STRAXUS: Get me off this thing. What are you going to do to me? I insist that...
ZARODNIX: I'm sure you do. Hah! Look at you. Weak and defenceless, a perfect example of your race. Such power, and yet you never fulfilled your potential, did you? Never put your inherited greatness to use.
STRAXUS: You sound as deranged as Morbius.
(ZARODNIX laughs.)
ZARODNIX: I'm flattered by the comparison. Did you tell me your name?
STRAXUS: No. You weren't interested.
ZARODNIX: Not, not really. Just mildly curious. So what is it?
STRAXUS: My name is Straxus.
ZARODNIX: Straxus. Never heard of you. Still, doesn't matter. Do you know what's going to happen, Straxus? Can you guess? Go on, put that vast intellect to some good use.
STRAXUS: I've no idea, but whatever it is, I...
ZARODNIX: Oh, do shut up, there's a good fellow. Well, I'll tell you, shall I? (Laughing) Why not. You're going to bring Morbius back to life.
STRAXUS: Back to ... No!

THE DOCTOR: Genetic fusion, that's it!
ORTHENA: I don't understand you, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Don't you see?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. You mean ... Wow. It's just like Jurassic Park.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. What? What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, this Zarodnix bloke's got a bit of this Morbius bloke's brain, isn't that what you're saying?
THE DOCTOR: Er ... yes.

LUCIE MILLER: And he's gonna mix it up with Straxus's DNA, right?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. He's going to blend the genetic code somehow. Orthena, exactly how clever is Zarodnix?
ORTHENA: He has had access to the greatest scientific minds in the known Universe.
LUCIE MILLER: Money buys knowledge.
THE DOCTOR: Well then, he has bought the know-how, he can probably do it.
LUCIE MILLER: Bring Morbius back to life like a dead dinosaur. Oh my God.
THE DOCTOR: The essentials of Morbius will be contained in the brain fragment. Anything else that's needed to create an entirely new living Time Lord can be extracted from Straxus.
LUCIE MILLER: Poor Straxus.
THE DOCTOR: We've got to get him out of there before Zarodnix recreates Morbius. He may be different in the detail, a blending of two Time Lords, but essentially he'll be no more different from the original than any regenerated Time Lord.
ORTHENA: Then we must rescue this Straxus.
HASPIRA: Simpler to kill him.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, you and your killing. Ease up, will yer?
ORTHENA: Time Lord ... Time Lord...
(Sisterhood teleportation sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: What's she doing? Trying to teleport him here?
ORTHENA: Time Lord...
THE DOCTOR: It won't work, Orthena.
ORTHENA: Time Lord...
THE DOCTOR: I'm guessing Zarodnix will have Karn defended by energy fields or something, right Haspira?
ORTHENA: Time Lord...
HASPIRA: It is so.
ORTHENA: Time Lord...
THE DOCTOR: You'll never reach him through mind power.
ORTHENA: It is true. I cannot see him. We are lost. Morbius will return, and the Universe will pay the price.
THE DOCTOR: Not if you let us use the TARDIS to go and get him.
LUCIE MILLER: Are you sure we'll make it?
THE DOCTOR: We can key the TARDIS's co-ordinates to the coding in his Time Ring. Orthena, you have to let us go. It's the only way.

(Blast, STRAXUS cries out.)
STRAXUS: Stop this now!
ZARODNIX: Begin.
(Metal humming.)
STRAXUS: No ... Please ... What are you doing? Please...
ZARODNIX: Oh, beg away. Do you think I'm actually going to take any notice?
STRAXUS: Morbius is dead, Zarodnix. No power in the Universe can bring him back.
ZARODNIX: And what would you know of Morbius? The propaganda, the lies? I have devoted my whole life to studying his ideals, his work, his glory. I have assembled here the sum total of every surviving trace of his great work, from the braid of his Presidential robe, to the incredible technologies he created with his own hands. And finally, I have the very cells from his mind.
STRAXUS: (cry.) A dead mind. A rotting, decayed, fragmented brainstem, buried and forgotten for centuries.
ZARODNIX: Never forgotten. And now, with an infusion of living Time Lord DNA, there will be a new regeneration. Morbius will return.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, there she is. I see you've been looking after the old girl.
LUCIE MILLER: He's talking about the TARDIS, not me, all right?
HASPIRA: Orthena, this is a mistake. As long as there are Time Lords free in this Universe the risk of Morbius...
ORTHENA: No, Haspira. We have moved beyond that.
LUCIE MILLER: What are we waiting for? We could just nip off, couldn't we, while they're arguing.
THE DOCTOR: Erm ... not quite.
ORTHENA: Doctor, come here.

LUCIE MILLER: Oh, come on. I thought you were letting us go.
ORTHENA: The key to your ship.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Orthena.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. And thanks for not letting your bloodthirsty sister loose on us.
ORTHENA: Our only concern is that Morbius should never rise from the dead. That is now your sacred mission also, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I understand.
ORTHENA: And remember, the Sisterhood will be watching over you.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Orthena. We'll do our best. Come on, Lucie.
(Walking, opening door.)

(TARDIS doors close. Inside TARDIS control room.)
LUCIE MILLER: What did she mean? How can they watch over us?
THE DOCTOR: No-one's ever been quite sure about the extent of the Sisterhood's psychic reach.
(Bleeps of console.)
THE DOCTOR: Now...
LUCIE MILLER: Karn?
THE DOCTOR: Karn.
LUCIE MILLER: What about Haspira's ship? We could go there. Might be less dangerous than landing on the planet.
THE DOCTOR: Her ship will have landed by now.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, but hang on. We've got ourselves a TARDIS here. We can go back in time, before Haspira's ship landed, can't we? I fact, why don't we go back to before we landed on that freighter? Yeah, let's do that. Then we can stop all this from ever happening.
(TARDIS dematerialisation noise starts.)
THE DOCTOR: That would involve crossing my own time line. It's very unwise.
LUCIE MILLER: What, and letting this Morbius maniac rise from the grave is wise?
THE DOCTOR: Well, it's a persuasive argument Lucie, I'll grant you that.
LUCIE MILLER: Damn right it is, mate. Come on, what are you worrying about?
THE DOCTOR: That we may already have crossed our own time line.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh? When?
THE DOCTOR: You remember when all the power shut down?
LUCIE MILLER: And you said the Harmony hairspray had gone wrong or something.
THE DOCTOR: Precisely.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean...
THE DOCTOR: Well, actually I don't know what I mean, do you?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Don't know. But you look pretty worried so I thought you might finish the sentence for me.
THE DOCTOR: And it's the Eye of Harmony, by the way.
LUCIE MILLER: Same difference.
(TARDIS materisalisation.)
LUCIE MILLER: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: Taking your advice. I'm crossing my own time line.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, don't go blaming it on me. It was just a thought from a mere mortal.
THE DOCTOR: You, a mere mortal? Get away with you, Lucie Miller.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
LUCIE MILLER: So, are we, you know?
THE DOCTOR: Are we, you know, what?
LUCIE MILLER: Crossing our time line now?
THE DOCTOR: We are, yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, good! Are we gonna bump into ourselves, and will everything go all like, whoo-oo, funny like?
THE DOCTOR: Well, you know, I'm not sure.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, come off it, you must know.
THE DOCTOR: Well, if you do see another Lucie Miller give yourself a wide berth.
LUCIE MILLER: Why?
THE DOCTOR: Well, that's the advice I normally give people about you.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, ha-ha-ha...

(Sudden jolt sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah! Is there ever such a thing as a smooth trip in this jalopy?
(THE DOCTOR gasps.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh - stop, don't touch any of the controls.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it, what's the matter?
THE DOCTOR: It's the Time Scoop. It's snuck up on us and disabled the controls while I wasn't looking.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean ... we're about to get swallowed up by a big black hole thing?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... I'm a bit scared about that, actually.
THE DOCTOR: I can't say I'm all that happy about it myself.

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opened. Walking.)
THE DOCTOR: Hmm, nobody about. That's strange.
LUCIE MILLER: So this is where you're from? This is where you grew up?
THE DOCTOR: Well, not here exactly. No, that would be like me going to Blackpool and standing in a service station and proclaiming it as your birthplace.
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh:) You wouldn't be far wrong.
THE DOCTOR: This is some kind of holding area. We have a lot of those in the Capitol. Never really worked out why.
BULEK: For emergencies such as this, Doctor, for when the Time Scoop is employed to bring all errant children back into the fold.
THE DOCTOR: Bulek, isn't it?
BULEK: Good gracious, you remember me. I'd be flattered if I had the time for it.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, this is Bulek.
LUCIE MILLER: Pleased top meet you. Where's all your mates?
BULEK: M-my mates? Oh ... Oh, I see. Ah well, that's a sensitive matter.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, my stomach's a sensitive matter, but that didn't stop you sending your bleeding great Time Scoop thing to throw me all round the inside of the TARDIS, did it?
THE DOCTOR: The Time Lords are in deep isolation, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, that'll be one of your usual explanations, then. Big on mystery, short on information.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, she gets like this when she's feeling out of sorts.
BULEK: Deep isolation is not a matter to be discussed with those not of our race.
THE DOCTOR: It's a Time Lord thing.
LUCIE MILLER: Thing? Oh, thing, yeah, why didn't you say? You mean you're all hiding 'cause you're scared stiff of this Morbius bloke coming back from the dead? Is that more like you?
BULEK: I see Straxus was right about your helper, Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah, and your mate Straxus is right up to his neck in it, as far as we can gather. So let's have less of the isolation and more of the action. The Doctor and me were on the case when you scooped us up.
BULEK: Yes, I noticed that you were attempting to break the laws of Time.
THE DOCTOR: Ah yes, well...
LUCIE MILLER: Don't you dare say it was my idea.
THE DOCTOR: It's not quite what you think, Bulek. You see, something odd happened in the TARDIS before we had...
BULEK: I'm really not interested, Doctor. You're here now and here you will stay. That's all that matters. All Time Lords are now accounted for.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Except for Straxus and those poor beggars killed by the Sisterhood, you mean?
BULEK: My readings show that Straxus was in transit back to Gallifrey. He should arrive...
THE DOCTOR: Your readings were picking up this, Bulek. His Time Ring, in my TARDIS.
BULEK: Oh dear.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Very oh dear.
THE DOCTOR: Bulek, as far as we know Straxus is in the hands of Zarodnix.
LUCIE MILLER: And if you don't let us take off and do something about it, this Zarodnix bloke is gonna get seriously Jurassic Park on him.

(Humming dies down.)
TRELL: Process complete.

ZARODNIX: Is he still alive?
(STRAXUS groans.)
ZARODNIX: Ah, good. We may need him again. Well, give me the results of the gene-splicing.
(Bleeps.)
TRELL: Gene-splicing complete.
ZARODNIX: What? Already? Oh my God. Oh ... Lower the Genetrotron cabinet immediately. Quickly, quickly.
(Machine lowering sound.)
STRAXUS: What ... what is that?
ZARODNIX: Open the cabinet.
STRAXUS: Zarodnix, what have you done?
ZARODNIX: He's wearing the clothes I put in there, his Presidential robes. But the face ... I don't recognise the face. Straxus, you're a Time Lord, you can see who he is. Tell me.
MORBIUS: There's no need. I am ... Morbius.

(TARDIS console bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Right, we need to leave Gallifrey, rescue Straxus and stop Morbius, and we need to do it now.
LUCIE MILLER: Ready to go?
THE DOCTOR: As long as Bulek has shut down the Transduction Barriers.
LUCIE MILLER: Come on, then.
(Grinding sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, come on, Buley. Shut down your transacaroonies.
(Engines stop.)
THE DOCTOR: You know, he always was a dodderer, even when he was only my age. Come on, let's wake him up.
(Grinding.)
LUCIE MILLER: Careful. Maybe you should be a bit kinder to your beloved ship.
(Grinding.)
THE DOCTOR: Hang on, that wasn't me, or the TARDIS. That was Gallifrey.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean the whole planet?
THE DOCTOR: Come on.
(Running.)

(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Bulek? Bulek!
(Grinding.)
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe that's him. Having a bit of trouble with his suction barriers.
THE DOCTOR: Sounds painful. I don't think so. Come on, I know where he'll be.
(Running off.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah, there you are. Bulek, why haven't you lowered the transduc...
LUCIE MILLER: What's the matter with him? Oi Bulek, what was all that earthquake stuff about?
BULEK: Primitive interplanetary missiles bouncing off the Transduction Barriers. There are ships in orbit, creatures called Trell.
LUCIE MILLER: Trell? That'll be Zarodnix's lot.
BULEK: Precisely.
THE DOCTOR: They'll never get through the barriers.
BULEK: Oh, I don't think that was their intention. They're just making their presence felt. They're here to relay a message.
THE DOCTOR: What sort of message?
BULEK: I've just received a relayed hyper-link audio transmission from Karn, from Zarodnix. It was by way of an introduction to a video broadcast.
(Static.)
THE DOCTOR: It's coming through.
MORBIUS: (speaker) Can they hear me?
THE DOCTOR: Morbius.
LUCIE MILLER: Zarodnix really did it, then.
ZARODNIX: (speaker) Yes my lord, they can see and hear you.
MORBIUS: (speaker) This is a message for the High Council of the Time Lords. I am Morbius. I have returned. And I will show you as much mercy as you afforded me. Can they answer?

ZARODNIX: (speaker) Erm - yes, my lord, if they choose.
THE DOCTOR: Bulek, open a channel.
BULEK: Oh, I'm not sure if that's wise.
MORBIUS: (speaker) Too afraid to answer, why doesn't that surprise me?
THE DOCTOR: Do it.
(Bleeps noise of channel opening.)
THE DOCTOR: Afternoon, Morbius. Sorry, we were just finishing off a particularly good jigsaw puzzle. Very bad to break the concentration, you know?
MORBIUS: (speaker) I know you.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah sorry, the High Council were a bit too busy to talk to you. It's just me, Bulek and Lucie. Please leave a message after the bleep.
MORBIUS: (speaker) In my mind I hear your words, from centuries past.
THE DOCTOR: Chop Suey, the galactic emperor.
(LUCIE MILLER giggles.)
MORBIUS: (speaker) Doctor. Still playing the fool?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, come off it, Morbius. Give it up. You've been dead too long. You've had your day - all that galactic conquest stuff, it's so last epoch.
MORBIUS: (speaker) Where are the High Council? I will speak to the President.
THE DOCTOR: The President is ... indisposed.
MORBIUS: (speaker) The President is afraid, hiding, cringing like the rest of you, not fit to bear the name Time Lord.
THE DOCTOR: So what's it to be, you'll destroy Gallifrey, conquer the Universe, all that? You'll never succeed. But just think of all the carnage you'll create whilst trying. Will it really be worth it just for the sake of revenge?
MORBIUS: (speaker) My vengeance will consume the cosmos, Doctor, and there will be nothing the Time Lords can do to stop it.
LUCIE MILLER: That's not true, is it, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Of course it isn't. All that time buried in the canyon, his brain's turned to granite. Listen Morbius, I'm sure this Zarodnix idiot has surrounded you with yes-men, all bowing and scraping, talking of the glories to come, but it's time for you to face reality.
MORBIUS: (speaker) The reality, Doctor, is that my faithful acolyte Zarodnix has not been idle in his preparation for my resurrection. He has spent his entire life in the pursuit of recreating my legacy.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, I see he kept your Presidential robes for you. Are you sure they're still a good fit? Looks a bit like you're wearing your granddad's suit.
MORBIUS: (speaker) I am gratified you recognise my attire. But I wonder, do you recognise this device?
(Chain noise.)
BULEK: It can't be.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it? Just looks like a ... I don't know, a medallion.
THE DOCTOR: It's the remote activator for a Stellar Manipulator.
LUCIE MILLER: Wait a minute. You mentioned that when the TARDIS shut down.
THE DOCTOR: Nice and shiny, but useless.
MORBIUS: (speaker) Without the Manipulator itself, I know.
THE DOCTOR: And there was only ever one constructed.
MORBIUS: (speaker) And there you are mistaken. Hmm. You see, nothing was ever beyond my genius.
(Bleeps.)
MORBIUS: (speaker) The Stellar Manipulator is now active.
LUCIE MILLER: What's going on?
BULEK: Ah ... I'm not sure.
THE DOCTOR: Well, find out.
(Bleeping.)
BULEK: There - there seems to be some sort of power drain.
MORBIUS: (speaker I am draining off the energy from the Eye of Harmony.
LUCIE MILLER: That sounds bad. That's bad, isn't it?
MORBIUS: (speaker) Your pet human is right, Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: Oi, shut it, you.
MORBIUS: (speaker) Oh, if only the Time Lords had a fraction of her aggression, perhaps they wouldn't be doomed. But alas, when the Manipulator has done its work, all TARDISes will be

immobilised, and the Time Lords will be left without the power of time travel - Lords of nothing. Powerless, and at the mercy of my Trell army.
(Bleep of disconnection.)
THE DOCTOR: Right, that's enough chat. Bulek, shut down the Transduction Barriers.
BULEK: And leave us open to attack? No!
THE DOCTOR: You'll be open to attack soon enough anyway. I have to use the TARDIS before Morbius shuts off the power from the Eye of Harmony.
LUCIE MILLER: We're going to Karn, aren't we?
THE DOCTOR: We are going to Karn.
BULEK: But what - what - what can you do?
THE DOCTOR: I can stop Zarodnix and prevent the resurrection of Morbius.
LUCIE MILLER: Wahey! Let's break some more rules of Time. Come on.

ZARODNIX: They have cut transmission.
MORBIUS: What is there left for them to say?
ZARODNIX: The Trell fleet in orbit around Gallifrey report that the Transduction Barriers have shut down.
MORBIUS: Oh. They better open fire, then. When the Time Lords have been destroyed, there'll be plenty more for them to do.

(TARDIS control room, doors closing, running in. Bleeps of operating controls on TARDIS console.)
LUCIE MILLER: Are we going to make it? I mean, if Morbius is shutting down this Harmony thing, won't we be left like we were before - totally in the dark?
THE DOCTOR: The TARDIS will have a certain amount of reserve power, and if we can latch on to just one surviving nanosecond of temporal energy we can do what we need to do.
(TARDIS dematerialisation sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: That's sounding good.
THE DOCTOR: Oh by Jove, I think we've done it.
LUCIE MILLER: And this time no pussyfooting around. We go right back to before all this happened and nobble Zarodnix.
THE DOCTOR: Precisely - no pussyfooting, just nobbling.
(Thump.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no.
THE DOCTOR: It's the Stellar Manipulator. It's ripping the heart out of the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: Come on, we're gonna make it. Think positive.
THE DOCTOR: Well, I'm all out of ideas, so positive thought is just about all I've got left.
(Loud explosion, silence.)

(TARDIS materialisation, some notes slightly off-key. A place with the occasional sound of dripping water.)
STRAXUS: Doc... Doctor ... No ... How...

LUCIE MILLER: Blimey. I thought we'd really had it that time.
THE DOCTOR: So did I, Lucie, so did I, but the TARDIS is a tough old bird. And if I'm not mistaken she still has an ounce of power left in her cells. Always nice to keep something in your pocket for later.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
THE DOCTOR: That's what Wellington said about Waterloo.
LUCIE MILLER: The railway station?
THE DOCTOR: The battleground.
LUCIE MILLER: Where he beat Napoleon, you mean?
THE DOCTOR: You're getting the idea. Let's go outside.
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on. Shouldn't we check - you know, stuff or something?
THE DOCTOR: Not enough power left for stuff-checking, we're just going to have to trust the TARDIS's homing instinct.
LUCIE MILLER: You think we still might have turned up where Straxus is, don't you?
THE DOCTOR: I'm banking on it.

(Door opened. Walking.)

LUCIE MILLER: Looks like the London Dungeons, except real. But, oh! That smell.
(Tapping on wood.)
THE DOCTOR: And that's a locked door. We are in a rather large cell.
(Chain rattling. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor. Something just moved over there.
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, don't be frightened. Whoever you are. I'm just going to pull back your cowl.
(Cowl moved aside.)
STRAXUS: Doctor! Is ... is it really you?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. It's Straxus.

(Musical fanfare.)
TRELL: It is the hour. Our Lord Morbius returns from battle. He returns from victory. People of Karn will rejoice. Rejoice. Rejoice. Rejoice. Rejoice...

LUCIE MILLER: What the hell was all that trumpeting about?
THE DOCTOR: Straxus, what is going on here?
STRAXUS: What has ... has happened for the last ten or more years.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean ...? Oh no. We bleeding slipped forward in Time, didn't we?
THE DOCTOR: Better than being dead, I guess. So Morbius has been going about his conquering ways for over a decade. Need I ask how he's doing?
STRAXUS: All fall before Morbius. That's their motto. They say this Palace is built from the remnants of a thousand worlds, and ... and although I only ever leave this cell for ... for the feeding, I've no reason to believe it isn't true.
LUCIE MILLER: The feeding? That doesn't sound quite like a visit to the prison canteen.
THE DOCTOR: Unsuccessful gene-splicing?
STRAXUS: Less than perfect. Zarodnix bought knowledge. He never really understood what he was doing. Every time Morbius's life force weakens, they take more of mine. If he is returning, then I will be summoned again. I ... I don't know how long ... how long I can last.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey. Don't worry, Straxus old buddy. The cavalry's here. Right, Doctor? Doctor...?

(Door opened. Walking in.)
ZARODNIX: My Lord Emperor Morbius, it is a pleasure to welcome you back...
MORBIUS: Get me that Time Lord wretch from the dungeon. I need him.
ZARODNIX: Of course, my Lord, of course. The gene-infuser was prepared the moment I received word of your...
MORBIUS: Good, good. Oh, I am fatigued by battle. But it was a good fight. My empire grows, Zarodnix. And the more it grows, the more fear itself becomes our greatest weapon. Whole star systems surrender at the sight of our fleets. There is, however, the odd ... challenge, which makes it all worthwhile, I find.

LUCIE MILLER: Come on, Doctor. Don't just sit there saying nothing ... unless you're coming up with a plan, in that case sit there saying nothing for as long as you like - well, not too long, obviously, because any minute now someone's going to come through that door and drag poor Straxus off to have the life drained out of him. So if you are coming up with a plan, can you, you know, make it fairly speedy? Too much to ask?
THE DOCTOR: Straxus, is Morbius still wearing the Stellar Manipulator remote control around his neck?
STRAXUS: Oh, it's always there, round his neck, dangling between his hearts, the symbol of his power.
THE DOCTOR: More than just a symbol. The Manipulator is still operating, it must be.
LUCIE MILLER: How can you be sure?
THE DOCTOR: The energy from the Eye of Harmony can *never* be destroyed, Lucie. The Manipulator is merely holding it at bay, denying it to the Time Lords.
LUCIE MILLER: So if we could switch the Manipulator off, then the Time Lords would get their power back? Oh my God. Then they could just travel back in Time and put everything right. Is it really that simple?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, sure, easy. Yeah, why don't we just walk upstairs, grab the remote control from round Morbius's neck. I'm sure there aren't any guards or anything, I expect Morbius is just

having a quiet cuppa with his secretary.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, all right, Sarcasmo. But I'm right, though, aren't I?
THE DOCTOR: Essentially. But the devil, as they say, is in the detail.

ZARODNIX: I heard a rumour that, erm, Earth made a fight of it.
MORBIUS: Yes, yes. The birthplace of the human race. Yes, they were very ... tenacious. For a while. I brought back a thing called the Statue of Liberty from there. Thought it might look suitably grand on top of the Palace. The Trell have got a million or so human slaves setting about it now. I was thinking. The humans, trained and conditioned correctly, might make good soldiers for the empire. What do you think, Zarodnix, you're human, aren't you?
ZARODNIX: Well, of human descent.
MORBIUS: Mm. So many races to conquer.
(Walking off, opening door shutters.)
MORBIUS: I'll, er, I'll be on the balcony when the Time Lord gets here.
ZARODNIX: Of course, my Lord, of course. Er...
MORBIUS: Are you all right, Zarodnix?
ZARODNIX: My Lord ... I was just ... you seem a little distracted.
(Walking back.)
MORBIUS: It's always like this after a good fight. I'm steeped in the blood of fallen armies and then ... I stand here and look down into this canyon, where I once fell to my death ... where you found me. What was left of me. The Universe has a lot to thank you for, Kristof, and so do I.
ZARODNIX: I merely did my duty, my Lord.
MORBIUS: I know, I know, but I...
(MORBIUS groans.)
MORBIUS: I'm grateful, nonetheless. No, I'm all right, leave me. Send for Straxus. Get him, now.
(Running off.)

LUCIE MILLER: What are we doing back in here? You're not thinking of leaving Straxus and just taking off?
THE DOCTOR: Taking off is not an option, but it's time to use that ounce of power.
LUCIE MILLER: To beat Napoleon?
THE DOCTOR: That's the theory.
LUCIE MILLER: Is this going to be massively clever?
THE DOCTOR: We live in hope. Telepathic circuits. I'm going to see if the Sisterhood is still around.
LUCIE MILLER: What do you want with those scraggy old...
THE DOCTOR: Shh! They might be listening. Take some water, look after Straxus.
(Walking off.)

(Sisterhood energy pulse.)
ORTHENA: It is the Doctor.

(Slurping of water, STRAXUS coughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: All right. Not too much, not too much.
STRAXUS: Sorry, sorry. What's the Doctor doing?
LUCIE MILLER: Some mumbo-jumbo. Trying to get in touch with the Sisterhood.
STRAXUS: (laugh.) Those harridans. They would have been one of Morbius's first targets for vengeance.
LUCIE MILLER: Great. I tell you, what we need is my old mate Rosto. Here, what happened to him? No actually, if it's really bad I don't want to know. Oh, poor old Rosto...
STRAXUS: If you'd let me get a word in edgeways ... Rosto is here.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Hiding or something?
STRAXUS: No. They injected him with whatever it is Zarodnix uses to control the Trell.
LUCIE MILLER: God, that's awful. So you don't know what happened to him after that?
STRAXUS: Well, funnily enough, I do actually.
LUCIE MILLER: What do you mean?
STRAXUS: He is the one who takes me to Morbius. It's always him. I can tell.
LUCIE MILLER: But ... he's all taken over and stuff, so how...
STRAXUS: I think there's something of the old Rosto left.

LUCIE MILLER: Really? What makes you think that?
STRAXUS: He speaks to me, from time to time. The last time was quite some months ago, but ... I can always tell it's him.
LUCIE MILLER: What does he say?
STRAXUS: Two words, always. Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Flippin' 'eck!

(Sisterhood telepathic energy pulse.)
THE DOCTOR: Can you hear me? Orthena, I will only have one chance when I switch off the Manipulator control around Morbius's neck. You must teleport me or it away. If you don't, Morbius and his guards will kill me and reset the Manipulator. Sacrifice me if you wish, but the Manipulator control mustn't stay in his hands. When the time comes I'll be thinking of you. You'll be able to find my mind, I know you will, Orthena. Come on, what do you say? I know you're there, I can feel your mind.
(Energy pulse fades.)
THE DOCTOR: Orthena? Damn, that's it. Out of power. Well, I hope you'll be there when I need you, Orthena.

HASPIRA: And when have the Time Lords ever done anything for us?
ORTHENA: They are not in a position to do anything at all as things stand.
HASPIRA: Times have changed. The cosmos has moved on. The Time Lords are best left besieged and isolated as they are now. We are safe from Morbius. We don't owe the peoples of the Universe anything. Let the Doctor fight his own battles.

(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, that's it. The last ounce of power is gone and I've no idea if Orthena and her chums were listening ... Oh, hello.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't panic, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I see the guard's arrived. I was going to suggest knocking it on the head, and...
STRAXUS: This is Rosto, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Rosto? Lucie, you mentioned a Rosto earlier.
LUCIE MILLER: He was a Trell policeman centipede thingy who helped me. He was really nice, even though I was a rat to him to start with, but ... when I thought you had ... well, when you weren't there...
THE DOCTOR: He was kind to you. The Trell are normally quite an affable species, but this poor fellow has been bionically augmented like all his chums. I don't know how you can even be sure it's your friend.
TRELL: Lucie. Lucie Miller.
THE DOCTOR: Oh.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. He keeps saying that. Straxus says he's been saying it for years.
STRAXUS: It seems your little helper made quite an impression on Rosto.
THE DOCTOR: Now, why doesn't that surprise me?

MORBIUS: Come on, Kristof, come on. Kristof. Where...
(Walking in.)
ZARODNIX: I'm here, my lord. The infuser is prepared.
MORBIUS: Where's Straxus?
ZARODNIX: He's on his way.
MORBIUS: What's taking him so long? What if he's dead? If he's dead...
ZARODNIX: He's not dead. Our readings show that he will survive for ... a number of years.
MORBIUS: A number of year... a number of years? And what then? I need another Time Lord, if I am to sur... survive. And yet, in all my campaigns, not a sign of them. Where are they, Kristof? Where have all the Time Lords gone? And when Straxus is dead, perhap...
ZARODNIX: Please, my lord, don't upset yourself...
MORBIUS: Listen to me. Kristof, listen.
(Walking over.)
MORBIUS: Down there, in the canyon. Maybe that's where my ultimate destiny lies.
ZARODNIX: You're overwrought, my Lord Morbius. It is always this way before the feed...
(A noise.)
ZARODNIX: Ah, it's Straxus. Where's your guard?

MORBIUS: Never mind that. Quickly, bring him to the infuser.
ZARODNIX: Come forward, forward. Come closer!
MORBIUS: Remove your cowl, Time Lord. I want to see your rotting, stinking face as you feed me.
THE DOCTOR: Well, there's gratitude for you.
MORBIUS: You. Doctor! But...
THE DOCTOR: And I'll take that.
(MORBIUS gasps as there is the snapping sound of the Stellar Manipulator being pulled off him.)
MORBIUS: Kristof, he's got the activator. Shoot him! Kill him!
(Noise of approach.)
LUCIE MILLER: Go get him, Rosto!
ZARODNIX: Get away from me. Obey me!
(Shot.)
TRELL: Lucie!
LUCIE MILLER: Rosto, no! Straxus, we've got to help him.
STRAXUS: Lucie, you must help the Doctor.
MORBIUS: Let go of the activator, Doctor. The power of the Stellar Manipulator is mine.
THE DOCTOR: Your grip is weakening, Morbius. Orthena, Orthena, help me now, now!
(MORBIUS laughs.)
MORBIUS: You're seriously appealing to those witches? Not man enough to do the job yourself, Doctor? Always relying on puny females.
(Grunts from MORBIUS then THE DOCTOR.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, look out. He's going to push you off the balcony!
THE DOCTOR: Stay back, Lucie, stay back. Orthena, now is your time, now!
MORBIUS: Shoot him, Kristof!
(Gun cocked.)
LUCIE MILLER: No!
TRELL: Lucie!
(Chopping noise.)
ZARODNIX: My throat ... is...
(ZARODNIX chokes, gasps, falls.)
THE DOCTOR: You're weakening, Morbius.
MORBIUS: No...
THE DOCTOR: And if I can just...
(Bleeps.)
STRAXUS: He ... he's shutting down the Manipulator. Keep at it, Doctor.
LUCIE MILLER: That's it, Doctor. You've got him now.
THE DOCTOR: Give it up, Morbius. The Manipulator is shutting down. The power of the Time Lords is returning. They'll cross the time-lines and write you out of history. Now, let go!
MORBIUS: If there is no destiny for me, then you will join me in my oblivion.
STRAXUS: Morbius!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, no!
(Breaking of wood, a long scream going downwards.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor...!
(Her word ending with a sob. Silence.)
STRAXUS: They've gone. Morbius is back where he belongs.
LUCIE MILLER: But the Doctor went with him. The Doctor ... No. He must be holding onto something, just below the balcony. He must be, he must be, he must be.
STRAXUS: Lucie, stay back from the edge. It's dangerous.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't care, you hear me, I don't care! He's ... not there. Not there, he's ... he's...
(A rushing noise.)
LUCIE MILLER: What's that noise? Straxus, what's going on?
STRAXUS: The Doctor must have succeeded. It's the Time Lords. They're correcting the flow of...
(Rushing noise, it stops, rain falling.)
BULEK: ... Time. This is Karn before the Zarodnix Corporation came here.
LUCIE MILLER: What happened? Where did you come from? You put everything right, just like that?

BULEK: Thanks to the Doctor. The moment he shut off the Stellar Manipulator, he...
LUCIE MILLER: Yes, I know all that mate, you got your power back, but what about the Doctor? Oh no, don't look at me like that. The pair of you, stop it!
STRAXUS: There never was a Morbius empire. The Doctor saw to that. Morbius is gone. When they both died at the bottom of the canyon...
LUCIE MILLER: Shut up, no!
STRAXUS: Lucie. I'm ... truly sorry.
LUCIE MILLER: You're looking much better. You were at death's door a moment ago. The Doctor sorted you all right too, didn't he? Come on, Bulek, use your special Time Lord powers. Get down there, and bring the Doctor back to life. Come on, do it!
BULEK: The Doctor's death is part of the vital time event that made the repairing of history possible. His actions are at the centre of...
LUCIE MILLER: I'm not interested in all that guff. Just do it. Are you listening to me? Or am I going to have to come over there and kick some bleeding sense into you?
STRAXUS: Lucie, this isn't helping.
LUCIE MILLER: Isn't it? Well, it's helping me, you stuck-up stuff-shirted bleeding...
BULEK: You must be returned to your correct time-line.
LUCIE MILLER: That's my correct time-line! Down there! With the Doctor! (Sobbing) You might as well. Might as well chuck me down there, with him!
(LUCIE MILLER sobs.)
STRAXUS: You don't mean that. Lucie? Lucie?
(She stops sobbing.)
STRAXUS: We can make you forget.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
STRAXUS: It might ... it might be for the best.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't you dare. Don't you bleedin' dare. Get away from me!
(Her voice echoes.)
LUCIE MILLER: He was my mate, and he saved the Universe. I never want to forget that.
BULEK: He always did inspire such peculiar loyalty.
STRAXUS: We will respect your wishes, naturally.
LUCIE MILLER: But I don't respect you, or any of your lot. He was a good man, and there was no need for this. But if you broke a few more of your fancy rules you could make him come back to life, couldn't yer? I bet you could. I bet you could if you really cared. You know, I lost him once, when those Trell took him. But I knew it wasn't over, I knew it, deep down I knew it, and I found him again. I thought everything was going to be all right, like everything was just gonna carry on the way it was. Me and the Doctor having the time of our lives doing ... you know, great stuff.
STRAXUS: But now. How do you feel ... now?
LUCIE MILLER: What are you getting at?
STRAXUS: Deep down, do you still think it isn't over?
LUCIE MILLER: I'll never forget you, Doctor. Never. Take me home.

(A street. Walking. Doorbell rings. Again, and insistent knocking on a window.)
LUCIE MILLER: All right, all right, hang on! Middle of the bleeding night, so this had better be good.
(Door unchained and opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: What the hell ... Blimey, it's you. Never thought I'd see you again.
(Gun unholstered.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, there's no need for...
(Gun charged up.)
THE HEADHUNTER: If you make another move, I'll kill you.
LUCIE MILLER: But - what...
THE HEADHUNTER: Speaking counts as moving, Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: What? No, you can't be serious, no, you can't...!
(Last three words echoed as they fade away.)
[NOTE: The Headhunter was played by Katarina Olsson.]